

In Search of Salt

By

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EXT. 2014/TAR ROAD - AFTERNOON

It's a bucky, driving a straight, simple, single tar road extending through a landscape of trees and sand. It's fresh blacktop, and it sticks out like a runway in the jungle.

The road is lined with a handful of market stalls, built from sticks and twine. They all sell the same souvenirs: wood-carvings, sarongs, and other local knick-knacks.

A white pickup truck is driving towards us. MARION is driving. He's a 39-year old twentysomething. He's got a salt & pepper beard that's though neatly trimmed.

The back of the pickup is filled with green plastic chairs and a 4-foot tall pile of green beach mats.

PATRICK is one of a handful of men who sit on the mat-pile, holding on to a metal cage around the back.

They're all clad in uniform green t-shirts with the single word 'Staff' stamped in white across the chest.

As they pass us, we follow them sidelong into town, where the road continues, unbending, between a few buildings a few stories tall.

The pickup truck continues out of frame and we enter the second story window of an office where muffled VOICES of sex are clear and intensified as we come through the glass.

DEAN, a 39-year old twentysomething in a polo shirt, is just finishing himself into SOUSANNA, a beautiful twentysomething black woman currently on her back across Dean's desk.

Behind them is a massage table that has clearly not been used for a massage.

Dean unceremoniously grunts and tucks his shirt back into his shorts.

DEAN

(South African accent)

I love being able to see you so often.

Sousanna hurriedly pulls a dress over her head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to thank me for building the road?

Sousanna stares her answer out the window, where we exit through the glass and pan down across a sign written in the same painted font that all the signs in town are written in.

It says "P nta ' g Munic pal ty."

We rejoin Sousanna downstairs, as she rushes out the door and into her sunglasses, hopping onto a quad bike covered in sand & salt.

She pulls out quickly and heads down the tar road in the same direction as the pickup.

She pulls off onto a sand road that she drives until stopping in front of a small, gated, thatch-roofed cottage.

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside is simple, quaint, and clean. It's a single room with a bed next to a couch next to a table by the kitchen, which is a countertop with a separate triple-burner above an oven.

A kettle sits next to a saucepan next to a large, boiling pot. Patrick stands in front of them, still wearing his 'staff' t-shirt, unshowered and rather sandy.

He has close-cropped hair and stubble. He's got the physique of a man with only so much time for exercise, and only so much money for healthy food, and he's pushing 30.

On a nearby, small table sits Patrick's video camera in it's underwater housing.

It sits next to a pile of microfiber cloths and silicone grease, spilling out of a large backpack that belongs to Patrick.

Sousanna enters, taking off her sunglasses.

PATRICK

Hey, how was-

the kettle WHISTLES. Patrick opens the oven and pulls out a tray of roasting, diced butternut squash.

Sousanna lackadaisically sets her purse on a dresser, puts her hair up, and looks at herself in a mirror while Patrick:

Takes the kettle off the stove and pours water into two prepared glasses; coffee for him and tea for Sousanna.

He then adds the butternut pieces to the saucepan and tosses it before taking the pot and draining it's boiling pasta into a colander.

He puts the pasta into two small bowls and pours sauce over one and into a separate, smaller bowl next to the other.

He brings all of this to the table where Sousanna is already sitting and waiting.

Sousanna unceremoniously begins to eat.

PATRICK

Oh!

He turns around, returning to the refrigerator for a large bowl of visually elaborate fruit salad.

When he sits at the table, he exhales a sigh that become a smile of satisfaction.

SOUSANNA

Bon appetit.

PATRICK

How was your day?

SOUSANNA

It was busy. *Too* busy. The road means so many customers and what what what.

PATRICK

It's good for business, at least.

SOUSANNA

Yess, but I'm tired. Am only one woman!

PATRICK

Isn't Rosa helping to lighten the load? You could always hire another person in a few months.

SOUSANNA

Her English is not so good. She's like me, better at read and writing than speaking.

(beat)

Were you filming today?

PATRICK

Yeah, while I was teaching. A camera in one hand and the buoy line in the other, trying to make sure these poor idiots don't get swept away by the current.

(beat, smiling)

Too busy.

SOUSANNA

Have you edited?

PATRICK

(his smile droops)

Not yet. I haven't even finished cleaning the housing.

Sousanna scoffs.

EXT. 1714/SLOOP/CROW'S NEST - AFTERNOON

Two pirates are on guard. They are GARETH and WARRICK.

Gareth is muscular and scarred. A telescope is in his hand, but he's staring into the distance with a morose expression.

Warrick has a missing eye that's long scarred over. He stands just behind Gareth, awkwardly contemplating some knot inside his head.

WARRICK

You should send a pigeon.

GARETH

Where's my bloody pigeon?!

WARRICK

It would be the decent thing to do.

GARETH

Fook decency. Decency got fookin' shipwrecked and stranded back on fookin' Tortuga.

WARRICK

A bit of decency might help your self-esteem.

GARETH

I'm not sending 'er a fooking pigeon!

A seagull's SQUAWK punctuates the long, silent pause.

WARRICK

We'll be in Bonak'ua by sunset. Get some real food in you, mate. And I can get a new bloody eyepatch.

GARETH

I want a new bloody life.

WARRICK

No you don't, mate. You're the best sailor I know. You've just shored up on some unfortunate rocks.

GARETH

Unfortunate? Unfortunate?! I've got spots on my dick. Spots.

WARRICK

Leopards have spots.

GARETH

Not on their fooking cocks!

Another seagulls SQUAWK, but it's an awkward squawk. Like a SQUAOK.

Gareth lifts the telescope to his eyes.

WARRICK

What're ya doin?

GARETH

Checking the horizon.

(under his breath)

I'm not gonna give it to you fooking cyclops.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - EVENING

On an age-polished mahogany stage, a hand reaches out from the shadows stage-left to light a torch, ILLUMINATING the entire stage via the half-dome cut out from the tavern wall.

In the FLICKER of the torch-light, we see a figure sat center stage behind a drum set built from hand-carved wood and seal-skin.

He is JOHANNE. He's 29 years old and speaks with a French accent. His drum-sticks are made from bone.

He begins to DRUM a warrior's rhythm and a hand reaches out to light the TORCH stage right.

San'ele, a robust black man in his 50's, steps into the light and takes his place mid stage right. He carries an ornate accordion made from a blowfish with shark teeth keys.

San'ele stands in silence as a booming, raspy voice resonates throughout the tavern.

PATRICK

(OS)

*On a galley of steel-O'er a lake of
fire-
Sails billow with screams-
Above men built from iron-*

Center stage a torch bursts into FLAME.

In it's light, we see Patrick, but he's older, gruffer, and wearing a tricorn hat with an overcompensatingly long front point.

And god damn he's putting on a show!

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*And you'll know us-
when the sand turns to glass
when the winds blow with fear
Then you'll know that we're near-
Keep a lookout for-
Nobeard...and the Neverfun
Roughtime Boys
On the horizon it's-
NOBEARD...and the Neverfun
Roughtime Boys!*

As the song closes, another hand comes out from the shadows and lights a trench of oil that erupts in a track of FLAMES across the front of the stage.

On the final NOTE, we turn towards the tavern to see a few old, salty Pirates more interested in their game of Liar's Dice at one of the tables.

At the bar behind them is Sousanna, who's blowing out a familiar torch.

A moment of silence lingers, before Sousanna puts down the torch and lifts her hands to give an applause of pity.

Her hands come together but we hear the CREAKING of the tavern door swinging open. All heads TURN and we along with them.

Dean leads a noisy parade of damp sailors into the Crooked Tooth. He looks older, tougher, and his beard is filled with sand and broken shells.

DEAN

The Crooked Tooth. Bonak'ua's
tavern and blood. It has been too
long!

Pirates stream past the door, flooding the tavern.

The last two stragglers are Warrick and a still morose Gareth.

They sit at a table by themselves. In the background, we see Sousanna deftly moving through the crowd, taking orders on a crude notepad with handbound leather binding.

Warrick blinks to keep himself awake, Gareth stares into his own personal distance, until Sousanna reaches their table.

SOUSANNA

What are you drinking?

GARETH

Whatever's strongest.

WARRICK

Two, please.

Sousanna leaves, Dean comes to the table and both men stand up in reverence.

DEAN

Sit, sit, sit. No need for
theatrics.

WARRICK

(as they sit back down)
Captain D'beard.

DEAN

Now I haven't read the final
inventory, but we made a pooss haul
and you two deserve your share.

WARRICK

Our agreement stipulates a wage of
500 kronors per man for services
rendered, plus a bonus of 3% of
total value.

DEAN

Make it 4%. Which is well above permanent crew rates, but keep that silent.

GARETH

Between you, us, and her the ocean.

DEAN

Aish, It's good to work with professionals. We'll be launching again in a day's time and I'd like to extend the same agreement onto our next voyage.

GARETH

Well of course we'll-

WARRICK

In a day's time we'll give you our answer, Captain D'bear.

DEAN

Cheers, lads. Tomorrow, then. Enjoy yourselves, eh? The Bartender's a real *jol*, if you've got the pockets for it.

Dean stands to leave and Gareth and Warrick stand along with him.

He leaves, they sit.

GARETH

Has your mind churned itself to butter?

WARRICK

We're at 4% commission. I'll be damned if he doesn't offer us five before his beard hits the pillows.

GARETH

I'm a mercenary, not a moneychanger. Commission means fuck all if you ain't crew.

Sousanna returns with two drinks that are bubbling over and steaming.

SOUSANNA

Two house specials.

GARETH
What's in it?

SOUSANNA
Dark secrets and a jigger of
vermouth. Just what you need after
a hard sail of raiding and pillage.

WARRICK
You know piracy is a lot different
than you might think. A lot of what
we do is anti-piracy.

GARETH
Ye, escorts and such.

WARRICK
Few people have the intimate
maritime knowledge that pirates do.
Particularly where Royal charts
have not yet reached. We're
valuable crewmen on any vessel,
legitimate or otherwise.

GARETH
Ye, we just don't wear uniforms.

SOUSANNA
My mistake.

WARRICK
Nothing by it. Thank you for the
hospitality.

SOUSANNA
Pleasure.

Sousanna leaves the table, we follow her across the tavern
and into the BACKSTAGE.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN/BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's a mess but is not dirty. Instruments, torches, and
costume pieces are flung across everything in the room.

Johanne and San'ele are sitting, tuning their instruments.

Patrick is staring at the wall.

Sousanna enters.

PATRICK
(to no one in particular)
We should have waited.

SOUSANNA
Are you ready to go on again? The
tavern is packed.

PATRICK
Ach.

SAN'ELE
We could do the opener again.

PATRICK
Should we extinguish the torches,
as well?

SOUSANNA
You're not being very helpful.

PATRICK
Look...

EXT. 2014/PONTA/BEACH - AFTERNOON

Patrick sits on the BEACH, facing Johanne and a small group
of people in wetsuits.

Patrick is holding a camera.

Johanne points to a map he's drawn in the sand.

JOHANNE
We are going to drop here, on the
South Side of the finger. It's a
satellite reef, so we can't dive it
every day-

WOMAN IN WETSUIT
Why's that?

JOHANNE
If the wind is too strong, the
waves kick up all the sand and we
can't see anything.

Everybody nods.

JOHANNE (CONT'D)
We'll see what the current is
doing, but if it's too strong we'll
(MORE)

JOHANNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 be stuck behind these rocks. Which
 is ok, because that is where the
 reef is most beautiful. Look out
 for...

(he gestures rocking a baby
 followed by an air guitar)
 ...a juvenile Rockmover Wrasse that
 lives in this little cove. If we're
 lucky, we'll be able to make our
 way around the corner, to here,
 where you can see Cleaner Shrimp...

(he gestures sweeping and
 makes claws with his fingers)
 ...under the ledge. If you haven't
 brushed your teeth, they might even
 clean your teeth, which saves money
 on toothpaste. And of course, be
 sure to give the occasional look
 midwater, in case we get any
 pelagic visitors like Potato
 Bass...

(puts one fist on top of the
 other)
 ...or sharks
 (shark fin on the forehead)

A nervous giggle murmurs through the pack. Patrick adjusts
 his position behind Johanne to capture the timid smiles.

JOHANNE (CONT'D)
 Patrick, our videographer, will be
 accompanying us, so if you see him
 staring at any one place for a long
 time, he's probably found something
 cool.

PATRICK
 Don't mind me, you guys, just
 pretend like I'm not even there.

No one acknowledges his existence.

SPLASH, BUBBLES, and we're UNDERWATER.

UNDERWATER(UW.) 2014 - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Johanne swims at the head of the group, stopping every few
 meters to rap a short, metal pointer stick on his scuba
 cylinder to make a DING and signal something to look at.

We see a few shots of the wetsuit people's faces smiling through goofy scuba masks with expressions of 'ooh' and 'ahh'

Patrick swims around the group, quickly darting from one side to the other, trying to frame shot after shot. He's working very, very hard.

He stops behind a rock to use it for a shot of the divers over it, but they instead swim right into him and knock his camera out of his hands and his mask off of his face.

Everything around them is absolutely spectacularly beautiful.

INT. 2014/DIVE SHOP/LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Patrick stands over his camera on a table behind Johanne, who is just shaking hands with all his happy divers.

Johanne comes to Patrick.

JOHANNE

Sorry, my man. I tried, but they didn't want to buy.

PATRICK

It's fine, just annoying.

JOHANNE

Fuck 'em. They complained about not seeing a turtle. Like I am aquaman. Like I can just call the turtles.

PATRICK

Yeah, fuck 'em.

JOHANNE

Fuck 'em.

PATRICK

The money, though.

JOHANNE

I know, man.

Marion enters. He's nearing 40 and portly. He wears a crisp, clean, fleece version of the staff's green t-shirts.

MARION

Afternoon, lads, how's the water?

JOHANNE

Cold.

PATRICK

Wet.

MARION

What's it supposed to be? Did the clients enjoy themselves?

JOHANNE

Sure, yeah.

MARION

Then *fuck* what you think! The water was lovely!

PATRICK

Marion, I need a day's leave.

MARION

For what?

PATRICK

What does it matter, I need a day off. I've got errands.

MARION

What errands?

PATRICK

Personal errands.

MARION

Then do them on your personal time.

PATRICK

It's not enough.

MARION

Sounds like a personal problem and *this*, is a place of business.

PATRICK

Ye, right. Shot.

Marion exits. Patrick stares him away, fuming.

JOHANNE

Fuck 'em.

PATRICK

Fuck 'em.

INT. 2014/BAR OFFICE - EVENING

It's a poker game in the back office of the lodge restaurant. The men sat around the table are Dean, Marion, ZIKALI, and KOSINATI.

KOSINATI is in his late 40's, very black, and very, very fat. He's wearing a run-down polo shirt tucked into his jeans.

ZIKALI is of similar age, but in better health than Kosinati.

Kosinati is dealing, the game is Texas Hold 'em.

KOSINATI

Zikali, you big blind.

ZIKALI

Again?

MARION

Blind as a bat, this one. Tell me, how are you liking the new blades?

DEAN

Call. Like a dream. An absolutely smoother ride than any craft I've ridden in.

KOSINATI

Yes, but you have not ridden in my Eagle 6.

ZIKALI

That is a nice chopper.

DEAN

Call.

MARION

Anything's a nice chopper when you fly in *that* second-hand bush machine.

DEAN

You mean Zikali's upside-down lawnmower?

KOSINATI
That would be an improvement. Call.

ZIKALI
It is what the reserve has granted
me. I cannot just buy a new one.
Check.

DEAN
Of course you can! You're the head
of the reserve now!

KOSINATI
(dealing the flop)
Queen, Jack, Seven.

ZIKALI
There are no funds for this.

MARION
There never are. Raise,
twenty-five.

DEAN
Please, you've got fuck all. Call.

KOSINATI
Call.

ZIKALI
Fold.

DEAN
For the best.

KOSINATI
(dealing the turn)
Eight of diamonds.

MARION
Oh, come on!

Marion stands up and goes to pour himself a glass of scotch
from the well-stocked counter behind the table.

DEAN
He raises.

He then goes to the faucet to put a splash of water in, as
well, but the water is a foul, orange-brown color.

MARION

Twenty-five. Ach, the sewage is still backing up into the reservoir.

DEAN

Call. I told you, it's expensive to fix.

MARION

How much do you want?

KOSINATI

Call.

DEAN

Sixty thousand.

KOSINATI

(dealing the river)
Three of clubs.

MARION

I'll give you fifty-seven.
(sits back down, takes a hearty swig of scotch and a look at his cards)
Raise! Fifty to you.

DEAN

That's less than I'll spend on permits. Call.

KOSINATI

What's wrong with you? Re-raise.
One hundred.

MARION

I can't have my guests showering in their own *kaak*.

DEAN

Then pay for it.

KOSINATI

That's fifty to you, Marion.

MARION

So you can make back what you spent on the road through *my* lodge?
You're a common thief, you know that.

DEAN

Sure, sure.

Marion pulls out a checkbook and scribbles furiously.

MARION

Here's ten thousand for the permits.

(he puts the check in the pot and begins scribbling another one)

Twenty-thousand for the labor

(which he throws in the pot, begins another)

Twenty-thousand for you

(which he throws in the pot, begins another)

And another ten thousand to put towards a new damned chopper for Zikali.

ZIKALI

(sheepish)

For the reserve.

The last check is hurled into the pot.

DEAN

You've just bought the town a new water supply.

MARION

Let the peasant's rejoice.

KOSINATI

(beat)

That's one-hundred to-

MARION

Fold.

DEAN

Fold.

Kosinati sweeps up his earnings, but not before Zikali reaches out of shyness to grab the check for him.

The door OPENS, San'ele stands in the doorframe.

Behind him, we can see and hear a restaurant & tavern abuzz with dinner service.

San'ele holds a dirty rag in his dirty hands, which have been wiped too many times on his dirty t-shirt.

SAN'ELE
We are done with the tractor,
mnumzane.

MARION
Then go home.

SAN'ELE
Yes, boss.

San'ele turns to exit, we follow him through the RESTAURANT,
down the corner and into the DIVE CENTER GARAGE.

INT. 2014/PONTA/BOAT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Johanne are inside, covered in sand and grease,
standing over a tractor parked in a nest of tools and
wheel-chocks.

PATRICK
What did he say?

SAN'ELE
Can go home.

JOHANNE
So why are you still here?

SAN'ELE
Patrick needs to fix his camera,
still.

PATRICK
Go home, guys. Don't worry about
me, it won't take me long.

SAN'ELE
You shouldn't walk home alone.

JOHANNE
I've got no problem hanging around.

PATRICK
I'll be fine. It's a hundred meters
down the road.

JOHANNE
You sure?

PATRICK
Yes.

SAN'ELE

Ach, fine.

PATRICK

Buy me a beer tomorrow if you feel
raw about it.

JOHANNE

Catch you in the morning.

Johanne and San'ele leave the garage. Patrick leaves, as well, through a different door that leads back into the Dive Center. His videocamera, sopping wet, sits on a table.

Patrick's EXHAUSTION is obvious as he crosses through the door. His shoulders hang lower, his eyes begin to droop.

He pulls a backpack out from under the table, and a LAPTOP out from the backpack.

Patrick opens the pressure housing and carefully removes his camera with a microfiber cloth, then carefully removes the memory card from the camera and plugs it into the laptop.

He runs his hands across his face and then uses the cloth to clean every square millimeter of the inside of his housing.

He then removes the rubber o-rings from the edges of the housing and cleans them, then lubricates, and replaces them.

He closes the housing and sits at his laptop. STRIKING a key, the computer FLASHES on and the bright light dilates Patrick's eyes.

A few more key strokes and we hear the sounds of BREATHING through a REGULATOR and BUBBLES coming from the computer.

A wide, childish smile crawls across Patrick's face as he watches the footage from the day.

PATRICK

Cheap tourists. I'd pay a million
dollars for this.

(in a self-mocking voice)

You don't have a million dollars.

You can barely pay your rent!

(as himself)

Exactly the problem.

Patrick SIGHS and we cut to the STREET.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/STREETS - AN HOUR LATER

Patrick walks alone down the street, blinking himself away from falling asleep walking. He checks his watch and cannot believe the time, in a smiling, delirious expression.

From behind, a SILHOUETTE approaches, stepping up directly beside Patrick.

PATRICK

How's it?

SILHOUETTE

(menacingly)

Sharp...

We cannot see the silhouette besides the GLINT from the edge of the knife that he is holding.

Two ARMS come around Patrick from behind, closing around his chest and pushing him to the ground.

SILHOUETTE

Do you want to die?

SILHOUETTE 2

I want your backpack!

PATRICK

No, you can't!

The silhouette in front punches Patrick in the temple.

SILHOUETTE

I want your watch!

PATRICK

No, I can't, please

SILHOUTTE 2

Shut up!

The arms from behind grab Patrick's arm and pull it above his head. The GLINT of another knife slices Patrick's very large DIVE WATCH from his wrist.

The arms then try to remove Patrick's backpack, but Patrick resists.

PATRICK

No!

SILHOUETTE

Shut your fucking mouth!

The silhouette in front SMASHES Patrick in the face and then slices the backpack straps, allowing the silhouette behind to pull it free and melt into the shadows.

The silhouette in front pushes Patrick to the ground and KICKS him hard before disappearing himself into darkness.

Patrick lays still for a long, silent moment, before laboriously pushing himself off the ground and standing.

Bending down, he picks up the largest stone he can find near the road and stalks off in the direction of the thieves, but finds nothing but the NIGHT.

He turns back, throws the rock at nothing, and SCREAMS.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - MORNING

Gareth and Warrick sit at the bar, the tavern door open behind them, showing a clear, sunny, beautiful day.

Sousanna is behind the bar, half of her is listening, the other half keeping a watchful eye on the tavern.

SOUSANNA

And so you abandoned ship? Just like that?

GARETH

Just like that? The Gorilla had rabies.

SOUSANNA

Why didn't you throw it overboard instead?

GARETH

Ye, do it. I'll take my chances with the Sharks.

WARRICK

Have you ever heard of a Lightning Shark?

SOUSANNA

No, what is it?

GARETH

It's just a story we tell to keep
sailors awake. Warrick'll swear
he's seen one, though.

WARRICK

In the Spice Islands. Saw it snatch
a Moken man from his canoe without
even a splash.

GARETH

He was probably drunk.

WARRICK

Sea Gypsies don't just fall off
their boats. And they're always
drunk.

SOUSANNA

What's a Lightning Shark?

WARRICK

Ah, you won't see him. His body is
as black as a Zulu dawn and he
hunts at night. Most predators
prefer the conditions to be rough,
when their muscle and cunning will
be most advantageous, but not the
Lightning Shark. He's got stars on
the tips of all his fins, luminous
lures that shine as bright as he
chooses. He waits until the calmest
nights, when sailors find
themselves at ease, and he swims
just beneath the surface, where
he'll disappear into the reflection
of the midnight sky. You won't see
him, no, but he'll see you, leaning
over the rails, pondering the blue,
and then *flash!* He'll charge his
lures and stun you, so that you
fall overboard for him to catch
you, gently, without a splash,
still alive, so he can drown you
himself.

GARETH

Load of shite.

WARRICK

Legends don't you need you to
believe in them, particularly the
nasty ones.

SOUSANNA

Is that how you lost your eye? To a story?

WARRICK

No. I lost that in a swordfight.
The other bloke lost his life,
though, so I'm not bothered by the
scars.

In the open doorway, Patrick crosses quickly and angrily.
Sousanna's eyes follow quizzically.

GARETH

You could use a new patch.

WARRICK

(to Sousanna)

Got any eye-covers back there,
darling?

Patrick crosses again.

SOUSANNA

Fresh out.

WARRICK

(pointing to his drink)

Then I'll have another one of
these.

And again, looking furious and frustrated.

SOUSANNA

(more interested in the
doorway)

Sure.

Patrick storms into the tavern.

PATRICK

(booming)

Has anyone seen my god damned hat?!

Everyone turns to look at him. No one says a word.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Nobody? Nobody's seen anything? Not
one person?

GARETH

It could be worse. You could have a
truly grotesque wound that needs
coverin'.

WARRICK
(to Sousanna)
Got any hats back there?

SOUSANNA
Fresh out.

WARRICK
(pointing to his drink)
Then get this man one of these.

Patrick comes to the bar and sits with Gareth and Warrick.

PATRICK
Room full of fucking pirates.
(loud enough that he can be
overheard)
Don't you have your own god damned
hats?!

SOUSANNA
Calm down, *aish*. You'll get another
one.

PATRICK
Where, exactly?

GARETH
Where'd you get the last one?

PATRICK
I stole it off a scoundrel's head.

GARETH
Then it sounds like you got what's
comin' to ya.

Sousanna places big steins of foamy, steaming liquid in front of them. Each stein has a little slice of pineapple and a crude, handmade UMBRELLA.

PATRICK
It wasn't just any scoundrel. It
was a very *deserving* scoundrel.

WARRICK
Aren't we all.

Patrick ponders, nods, drinks.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - AFTERNOON

These men have all been drinking. Shoulders droop, eyes wander, words roll over themselves and stumble.

PATRICK
(laughing his arse off)
Rabies?!

GARETH
What the fuck you gonna do.

PATRICK
(beat)
I think I'm going to spend the rest
of the day on the beach playing
music into the surf.

WARRICK
That sounds divine.

PATRICK
It's lovely. You're welcome to join
me.

WARRICK
I'll do just that. Gareth, are you
coming?

GARETH
No, thanks, I'm not in a mood for
sunlight.

PATRICK
Suit yourself. Yorick.

WARRICK
Warrick.

PATRICK
It sure is.

Patrick and Warrick stand up to leave.

Warrick slaps a few awkwardly large golden coins on the bar.

WARRICK
That should cover the afternoon.

They leave, Gareth stays. Sousanna is somewhat awestruck by
the coinage.

SOUSANNA
(to Gareth)
What are you going to do, all
alone?

GARETH
Probably shove off, have a wank.

SOUSANNA
(seductive)
If you need help, just call. My
services are always affordable.

GARETH
Ye, well, mmm..ye...ok..I'll
pro'lly just do it me'self. Thank
you, though, uhh, miss.

Gareth leaves the bar quickly and quite embarrassed.
Sousanna is left alone, puzzled.

EXT. 1714/BONAK'UA/BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, a mandolin made from palm heart in one hand, an old
glass bottle in the other, leads Warrick along the beach.

WARRICK
It's bloody hot out here, eh?

PATRICK
Just a little further

As they come around the point, the VIEW is STUNNING. Crystal
blue waters crashing in powerful SURF.

Patrick plops himself down on the sand, takes a swig from
the bottle and passes it to Warrick.

These men are both powerfully DRUNK.

PATRICK
Do you play music?

WARRICK
I sing when there's nobody to
listen.

PATRICK
Perfect.

Patrick strums the mandolin, while Warrick drinks and SWAYS.

PATRICK

(singing)

*If I were to tell you
You might never hear me
Another man's life
Can only be
So interesting-
No matter my words
I can't make you see
What her blue mystery
Carries for me-*

*Blue, Blue
Mystery, Sail-
Riding her storms
On the backs of the whales
Blue, Blue
Mystery, Sail-Never felt more
alive,
Never felt more frail-*

*My Daddy was
A trader of men
My mother passed away
Before she could see
What that meant-
In the twilight of youth,
I ran away,
To a place
where troubles fall silent,
in the crash of the waves*

*Blue, Blue
Mystery, Sail-
With the wind in your eyes
From a Nor'easter Gale
Blue, Blue
Mystery, Sail-
Strength for the ready
Peril for the frail-*

Warrick sways, his eyes closed, listening to the song.

PATRICK

(speaking)

Warrick, where are you from?

WARRICK

(drunk, eyes still closed,
singing)

*From the world's other side
A place called Rat's End-
Oh, better forgot than it's worth*

(MORE)

WARRICK (cont'd)
*It might be the arseholeOf our
 mother Earth-I stole to get by,
 And my Daddy was drunk,
 So I fled to the ocean,
 To be free or be sunk-*

The MANDOLIN continues in the background.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/BEACH - AFTERNOON

Patrick sits surrounded by a family in WETSUITS, standing over a MAP in the SAND.

He's given this briefing a THOUSAND times, and he's not having the best day.

PATRICK
 We'll see what the current is doing, but if it's too strong we'll be stuck behind these rocks. Which is ok, because that is where the reef is most beautiful. Look out for...
 (he gestures rocking a baby followed by an air guitar)
 ...a juvenile Rockmover Wrasse that lives in this little cove. If we're lucky, we'll be able to make our way around the corner, to here, where you can see Cleaner Shrimp...
 (he gestures sweeping and makes claws with his fingers)
 ...under the ledge. If you haven't brushed your teeth, they might even clean your teeth, which saves money on toothpaste. And of course, be sure to give the occasional look midwater, in case we get any pelagic visitors like Potato Bass...
 (puts one fist on top of the other)
 ...or sharks
 (shark fin on the forehead)

CHILD IN WETSUIT
 I want to see a Rockmover Wrasse!

The child's genuine excitement is infectious and Patrick surprises himself how much he's smiling.

PATRICK
I'm excited for you. Come on guys,
let's go diving!

MANDOLIN plucking slowly grows as a wave in the surf CRASHES
over the camera and again we're UNDERWATER.

UW. 2014/PONTA - CONTINUOUS

Awesome shots of Scuba Diving. Colorful reef fish and
weightless divers. Patrick leads the dive, moving slowly,
professionally through the water.

The SONG overlays the serenity.

PATRICK
(VO, singing)
*Blue, Blue
Mystery, Sail-
Fortune and Squalor
Cobalt and Hail
With lightning comes wealth
And thunder claps pain
On a strip of blue leather
Lacquered in sunshine and rain-
In the full moon's
Eclipse of the land
All who you were's
In her mystery's hands-
Blue, blue
Mystery Sail
Promise on the horizon
Blue mystery, Sail!*

At the line 'Promise,' shapes begin to materialize out of
the blue. Patrick screams into his regulator and gives a rap
on his tank as a WHALE SHARK passes the group.

It swims past and off into BLUE ocean with the final pluck's
of the MANDOLIN.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/WARRICK & GARETH'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Candlelit & quaint, Gareth sits alone by a fireplace in the
living room, drinking from a lambskin JUG of water.

Warrick enters.

An old BOOT is in the fire.

GARETH
Oy, I made you sum'thing.

WARRICK
Pie? Again?

GARETH
No. I cut up me old boots.

Gareth pulls an eyepatch made from SHOELACES and BOOT LEATHER. It's authentically crafted, though, and NICE.

WARRICK
Me own mum wouldn't've done that,
Gar'

GARETH
Ye, well, I didn't exactly feel up
to fooking the barman. Barwoman, I
guess.

WARRICK
This is very thoughtful.

Warrick ties the patch on.

GARETH
I washed it, and all. And you know,
I wear socks. And I don't usually
wear boots on deck, you know, I-

WARRICK
You prefer to be barefoot, I know.

GARETH
Yeah, it helps with the firction
and grip in'it.

WARRICK
Ye, this is very clean. Cheers,
mate.

GARETH
Cheers. Ye'. Good. You want to play
some dice?

WARRICK
Yeah, that sounds lovely.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/BEACH - AFTERNOON

On the BEACH, Warrick, in a STAFF T-shirt and aviator SUNGLASSES (& a SCAR sticking out from both ends), drives a tractor while smoking a cigarette.

Gareth is riding on the back, in a STAFF T-shirt with flannel shirt over it, also SMOKING a cigarette.

GARETH
Swell's up.

WARRICK
Ye'.

GARETH
Fook it. I'm goin.

Gareth lifts a set of SCUBA GEAR onto his shoulder.

Warrick moves the tractor off, revealing a very happy family being led by a very saccharine Patrick.

CHILD IN WETSUIT
It was so huge!

PATRICK
(disconnected)
He was big alright. Showers are on the left-hand side, feel free to leave your mask & fins in the rinsing pool, we'll take care of the rest.

MOTHER IN WETSUIT
(leading her family away from Patrick)
Thank you very much.

CHILD IN WETSUIT
(walking away)
That was *incredible!*

Patrick stands in the sand for a contemplative moment, wearing half an unconvincing smile.

INT. 2014/PONTA/DIVE CENTER GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Patrick is in a rusty shower, washing the sand off. The water is a brackish brown.

Patrick enters the garage, slightly cleaner, but wearing the same dirty STAFF T-shirt.

Warrick and Gareth are washing SAND from the boat and tractor.

San'ele, spanners in hand, is tinkering with a generator. Johanne has an open toolbox on his lap.

PATRICK

That was fucking bullshit!
Absolute, mother-fucking *bullshit!*

JOHANNE

Mate, it happens.

PATRICK

No, it doesn't *fucking* happen! I need one more shot, one more *fucking* shot for my ACVC entry, and that was it! There was my finale, and there it went! *Rhincodon Typus*, an eleven meter fucking *Whale Shark* and my fucking camera is under some muntu's bed while he fuck's his fat muntu girlfriend in his stone age fucking muntu shack!

San'ele stands up, spanner in hand.

SANE'ELE

I know you're angry about your documentary, but yelling at us isn't going to help you.

PATRICK

What the fuck should I do, then?

SAN'ELE

This is not New York City. There aren't forty-thousand thieves living here; there are three. We will find them.

JOHANNE

Let's just go to the police.

PATRICK

This is Africa, *China*, the police won't lift a finger.

SAN'ELE

You should file a report, at least.

PATRICK

Why?

SAN'ELE

So they can't accuse you of
stealing when we take your things
back.

JOHANNE

What do you mean, take them back?

SAN'ELE

We find them and we take them back.

JOHANNE

Where do we find them?

PATRICK

(catching on)
At the *shebeen*.

JOHANNE

What are you going to do when you
find them?

Patrick and San'ele share a look.

PATRICK

We'll make a plan.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/SHEBEEN - EVENING

At the other end of the TAR ROAD is a shebeen, a
tavern-shack that's not quite legal, but nobody cares.

Outside, it has a single, naked light-bulb over a coca-cola
sponsored sign that just says 'GOOD TIMES.'

Patrick & San'ele stand under the next light-bulb down the
street, that's dangling from a wooden pole.

San'ele stands in silence, wearing a button-down shirt and
shorts.

Patrick's wearing a hooded sweatshirt (hood-up) and looking
paranoid.

Johanne walks up, dressed the same as Patrick, but carrying
a crate of six QUART sized beers. They look at each other
for a moment.

Patrick looks at Johanne's sweatshirt while they take beers.
Patrick and Johanne compete to see who can pop the top off
the highest, while San'ele leaves his closed, purposefully.

JOHANNE
So, what's the plan?

PATRICK
We wait.

They stand around for a few awkward moments.

JOHANNE
How long do we wait?

SAN'ELE
Until we find them.

JOHANNE
Ok. What do we do then?

But San'ele has disappeared, completely.

JOHANNE (CONT'D)
This is really dumb.

Johanne walks away.

PATRICK
Where are you going?

JOHANNE
To hide.

Johanne disappears. Patrick stands alone under the light.

The door CREAKS open and a ZULU MAN exits the shebeen and crosses towards Patrick.

As he gets closer, Patrick stares him down. Patrick half-heartedly steps in the man's way, and San'ele's head appears behind the man, shaking a stern expression of 'no.'

PATRICK
How's it?

ZULU MAN
Sure sure sure...

The man passes and Patrick is left again alone, slightly nervous, slightly confused.

The door OPENS again and another Zulu man crosses towards Patrick, who repeats his standing in the way.

San'ele's head does not appear. Patrick blocks the man's path completely.

The hulking SHADOW of San'ele appears behind the man.

PATRICK
How's it, *boet*?

SILHOUETTE 2
(nonchalant)
Sharp, sharp.

Patrick recognizes the voice immediately, in the same moment a TWIG SNAPS and the Zulu man turns to see Johanne, but does not see San'ele, who grabs him from behind.

SILHOUETTE 2
(struggling)
Ay!

The door OPENS again and two men walk past, paying no attention, as if this isn't even happening.

San'ele BEAR-HUG'S the man, pulling his hands out from his pockets.

On his wrist is Patrick's DIVE COMPUTER, in his hand is Patrick's PHONE.

PATRICK
Where did you get this watch?!

SILHOUETTE 2
I found it on the road.

PATRICK
On my fucking wrist! That's my
fucking Dive Computer!

San'ele drops the man to his knees and Patrick takes his watch off the man's wrist and grabs his phone.

San'ele pulls a cable tie out of his pocket and ties the mans empty hands together behind his back.

JOHANNE
What are you doing?

PATRICK
Where's my camera?

JOHANNE
Why are you tying him up?

PATRICK
Where's my fucking camera?!

San'ele taps the man on the back of the head with his full QUART beer.

He says nothing.

San'ele taps him again.

JOHANNE
Hey we got the Dive Computer and
the guy, let's take him to the
police!

San'ele taps him again.

SAN'ELE
He asked a question.

SILHOUTTE 2
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Why are you helping these Mulungu
fuckwits?

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled)
They are my friends.

San'ele taps him again.

A cars headlights bathe the group in LIGHT.

JOHANNE
Fuck! Let's go, come on, let's get
out of here.

A JEEP, reminiscent of 'Jurassic Park,' pulls up close,
BLINDING everyone except San'ele.

It turns it's ENGINE off, and the HEADLIGHTS. The words
'ZULA ZULU' are painted on the side.

HARRY, San'ele's younger, larger brother steps out. He's
wearing a Game Ranger UNIFORM that's spattered in BLOOD. An
ELEPHANT GUN is slung over his shoulder.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Sorry I'm late. Is this him?

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled)
One of them.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled, to
silhouette 2)
Where are your friends?

He says nothing, except a SHOUT of mounting pain as San'ele TAPS him again in the same place.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled, to
San'ele)
Load him in the back.

San'ele lifts the man to his feet and walks him around the back of the jeep, which is COVERED in BLOOD and fragments of FLESH.

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled, to
silhouette 2)
Get in.

San'ele unceremoniously TOSSES the man in the back.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Sorry about the mess.

JOHANNE
What the fuck are we doing?!

SAN'ELE
(to Johanne)
You don't have to come.
(to Patrick)
Are you ready? Do you want another
beer?

PATRICK
Let's go get my fucking camera.

EXT. 2014/ZULA ZULU GAME RESERVE - NIGHT

Johanne, Patrick, and Silhouette 2 are packed into the back of Harry's jeep. They're driving deep in the BUSH.

The jeep stops, leaving it's headlights on. Johanne and Patrick jump out, QUARTS in hand.

JOHANNE

What *am* I covered in?

San'ele OPENS his door and comes to the back of the jeep to bring Silhouette 2, who's hands are still bound in cable-ties.

San'ele drags him around the front, where the HEADLIGHTS illuminate the CARCASS of a BULL ELEPHANT. It's head has been severed and then replaced; tusks removed.

Harry stands looming over the dead BULL.

San'ele forces Silhouette 2 to kneel in the floodlights.

Johanne & Patrick freeze on the edge of the LIGHT.

HARRY

(in Zulu, subtitled)

What is your name?

He says nothing. San'ele gives a dull, solid STRIKE with his beer, in the exact place from before. Silhouette 2 SHRIEKS in pain.

JOHANNE

Jesus!

SILHOUETTE 2

(in Zulu, subtitled)

Siyabonga.

HARRY

(in Zulu, subtitled, gesturing to the CARCASS)

I was forced to kill this elephant, Promise, because it murdered a rhino at a watering hole. One charge crushed the animal's ribcage. I saw it, dead on impact, ten meters from where it had collided with *him*. I put the tusks in the reserve's safe, to keep them from poacher's, but I couldn't get to them at first. So, I had to chainsaw the head off and load it into the jeep, then I put it back; out of respect.

(beat)

Did you know that Elephants can communicate across incredible distances using their stomachs. By growling. And they revere their

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)
 dead. Right now, they're rumbling
 to each other that we're here.
 They're watching you, Siyabonga.
 (beat)
 I have a car. You have your ass in
 Elephant Shit.

Harry waits a long moment in silence. San'ele stands stoic
 in the light.

PATRICK
 Where's my fucking-

The TRUMPET of an ELEPHANT blasts from the trees.

Everyone JUMPS except Harry & San'ele.

SIYABONGA
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 I don't have it! Kumbulani has it!

HARRY
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 Where is he?

Johanne lifts his QUART to take a swig, but stops on the
 elephant's TRUMPET blasting again, closer.

SIYABONGA
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 I'll take you to him! Please!

Harry & San'ele do not move.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/KUMBULANI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The jeep is parked outside of a one-story concrete building.

Siyabonga & Kumbulani stand naked in the garden.

A pile of clothing BURNS nearby.

Harry has Patrick's BACKPACK slung over his shoulder.

HARRY
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 A thief can own nothing.

Johanne takes a swig from his QUART.

Harry hands the BACKPACK to Patrick.

HARRY
 (in broken English)
 Be. More. Careful.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/TAR ROAD/PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick jumps out of the back of the jeep.

PATRICK
 (to Harry and San'ele)
 I'll see you in the morning.

San'ele responds with a silent, tired NOD.

JOHANNE
 Are we winning?

Patrick, exhausted, raises his QUART. The jeep drives off.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/KUMBULANI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kumbulani and Siyabonga are trying to put out the FIRE that is consuming their belongings.

Kumbulani stomps on a pile of clothes. Siyabonga GRUNTS in frustration, turns, and UNZIPS his jeans.

KUMBULANI
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 What are you doing?

SIYABONGA
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 You can wash it! You can't wash
 fire!

INT. 2014/PONTA/KUMBULANI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two men carry piles of half-burnt, SOAKED clothing by CANDLELIGHT inside the house. The few, simple items of furniture that are inside have been TURNED OVER by Harry.

Kumbulani throws his pile, angrily, into a BUCKET. Siyabonga lifts the WASHING BUCKET upright and puts his clothes into it.

Beneath where it layed, Siyabonga REVEALS a HATCH, which he opens to reveal an AMMO CRATE filled with RHINO HORNS.

SIYABONGA
They aren't safe here.

KUMBULANI
Call Kosinati.

SIYABONGA
Yehbo.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - MORNING

Gareth, Warrick, & Dean sit together at a table in the back corner of the tavern.

DEAN
High noon.

GARETH
That quick, eh?

DEAN
I told ye both, I want you on the boat.

WARRICK
I don't reckon I'll be joinin' ye, Captain. Full sails, all the same.

DEAN
I'm sorry to hear that.

Dean reaches into his jacket and produces a fat LEATHER POUCH. It RATTLES with GOLD when it hits the table.

WARRICK
What're those?

DEAN
Viking Kronors. A man's share.

GARETH
Yer givin us a bonus for *not* joining your crew?

DEAN
A gesture of appreciation for services rendered.
(standing up)
There's *pooss* more of that where we're going.

WARRICK
An' where's that?

DEAN
North.

WARRICK
What's North?

DEAN
An island. If you change yer minds,
bring that pouch back to the docks.

GARETH
Cheers.

DEAN
Cheers, sailors.

Dean leaves and Warricks expression changes instantly to a scowl.

GARETH
'Ow much is in there?

WARRICK
Doesn't matter, I wouldn't touch a
penny of it.

GARETH
The fook's wrong with you?

WARRICK
That's a fool's debt, free money.

GARETH
I think it's a negotiationary
tactic.

WARRICK
Surely, and I don't intend on
negotiating further.

GARETH
Then I'm goin on me own.

Warrick stops for a moment, taking a contemplative sip of beer.

WARRICK
If that's what ye want.

GARETH

It's what I've got, in'it. Wha' else you intend to do? Stay here on Bonak'ua with the beardless lady?

WARRICK

I'm in no rush for an adventure, Gareth. Nor should you be.

GARETH

It's good work and honest money. Ok, it's not so honest but it's consistent.

WARRICK

Money's never consistent. Right now, without those Kronor's, I've got a fat pouch and time to spend it.

GARETH

Ye don't trust him.

WARRICK

I don't trust anybody. Nor should you.

Patrick enters the tavern, beaming, wearing his oversized HAT.

PATRICK

It's going to be a beautiful afternoon, gentlemen. Are you sailing out with Captain D'beard?

WARRICK

No.

GARETH

Ay.

There's an awkward PAUSE.

WARRICK

(to Patrick)

I see you've got yer hat back.

PATRICK

Ye'. Some friends of mine found the scum who took it and took it back.

GARETH

It's nice to have friends with ye.

Another awkward PAUSE.

PATRICK
I've got a song to work on, full
sails to ye.

GARETH
Cheers.

Patrick leaves the table, CROSSING the tavern.

WARRICK
Let's have a drink, at least,
before ye go, then.

Warrick WHISTLES sharply, catching the attention of Sousanna behind the bar.

She looks up, just in time to see Patrick, walking across the stage, wearing his hat. Her SURPRISE is obvious.

She crosses to Warrick & Gareth.

SOUSANNA
What can I get you two?

GARETH
Two more beers and a half chicken.

SOUSANNA
On it's way.

We follow Sousanna back behind the bar, where she takes two STEINS and TAPS a fresh BARREL to fill them with.

She leaves the FROTHY steins on the bar to recede and crosses to the KITCHEN.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Kitchen is a massive, roofless room built from stone. COLUMNS of STEAM rise from multiple pots and fires.

Harry stands at a table in the center, carrying a giant CLEAVER, covered in BLOOD, towering over something DEAD.

SOUSANNA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
I need half a chicken.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Ok.

Sousanna stares at Harry.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
What?

SOUSANNA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Did you kill him?

Harry CLEAVES the animal on his table.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
No.

SOUSANNA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Bullshit.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
It would be a sin.

SOUSANNA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
And starting a vendetta isn't? You
know this won't stop here.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
I will not be judged by a whore.

SOUSANNA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Don't you dare talk down to me.

HARRY
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Get out of my kitchen. I'll bring
you your chicken when it's done.

Harry CLEAVES.

INT. 2014/PONTA/DIVE CENTER GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Patrick stands over his CAMERA at the end of a long day. He doesn't believe he has it. He stretches out his wrist, adjusting his DIVE COMPUTER as he does.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/TAR ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Patrick walks down the street, his backpack (stitched up), over his shoulders. It's QUIET. Too quiet. Every tiny SOUND pricks up Patrick's ears. His eyes shift from left to right.

Patrick's paranoia is OVERWHELMING. His breathing speeds up, he's sweating. Finally he stops, breathes, and looks BEHIND him to see nothing.

Frustrated, angry, & embarrassed, Patrick bends down and picks up a very COMFORTING, grapefruit-sized STONE.

With some new RESOLVE, he continues down the TAR ROAD, but now looking behind every corner, his shoulders up, ready for ACTION.

INT. 2014/PONTA/PATRICK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Patrick enters his house, STONE in hand, chewing his lips. He walks into the center of the room.

Sousanna is in the kitchen, slicing up a CHICKEN with a CLEAVER.

SOUSANNA

What's the stone for?

Patrick's face shows that he'd forgotten he was carrying it.

PATRICK

Huh? Oh. Self-defense, I guess.

SOUSANNA

Right now? Who you afraid of? The kids going home from the school?

Sousanna's comment drops Patrick's ARMOR. Embarrassed, he puts the STONE by the door.

PATRICK

I don't know.

SOUSANNA

It has bugs on it, I don't want it inside.

Patrick OBLIGES.

PATRICK

Sorry, I just don't really feel safe right now.

SOUSANNA
Didn't San'ele walk with you?

Patrick puts his BACKPACK on the table and starts to UNPACK it, putting his still wet CAMERA on a towel.

PATRICK
No.

SOUSANNA
Why not?

PATRICK
I told him not to.

SOUSANNA
Why did he listen?

Patrick begins disassembling his CAMERA & HOUSING.

PATRICK
Because he gets it.

SOUSANNA
And I don't get it?

PATRICK
No.

SOUSANNA
Why not?

PATRICK
I don't know.

SOUSANNA
You don't get it then, *aish*.

PATRICK
Can I have a little compassion?

Sousanna pauses, a Nyala in the HEADLIGHTS, unsure exactly what the word means.

SOUSANNA
Are you asking me for mercy?

PATRICK
Do I need to get the rock?!

Patrick dries his HOUSING with the TOWEL while Sousanna WASHES her hands in the SINK.

She appears behind Patrick, putting her WET hands around him, KISSING his neck.

PATRICK

Sorry for yelling at you. I miss you. I feel like I haven't seen you in a month.

SOUSANNA

You at work, I'm at work, work work work, money money money. Did you sell a video today?

PATRICK

No, it was quiet. There was only one diver.

SOUSANNA

Good. Then you're all mine tonight.

PATRICK

Yes...

(Patrick turns and KISSES her, then pulls BACK)

Well I've got new Angelfish footage that I want to put in my ACVC entry.

SOUSANNA

(accusatory)

How long is that going to take?

PATRICK

Well, I don't-

Sousanna plays with Patrick's EAR, discombobulating him completely.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Not long.

And then there is a KNOCK at the door.

Sousanna, exceptionally frustrated, opens it. Johanne, Warrick, & San'ele are standing on the other side.

SOUSANNA

Yes?

JOHANNE

Pat, it's Gareth. He made a shore entry after we launched.

PATRICK
On his own?

JOHANNE
Yeah. He hasn't come back.

PATRICK
Do we know where he was going?

WARRICK
More or less.

EXT. 2014/OCEAN - SUNSET

As the sun sets, a dinghy drives a wide circle around a buoy, looking for anything it can find.

Sousanna rides a windsurfboard in a tight, opposite circle, searching. She speaks into a beat-up marine radio that's taped to her sail.

SOUSANNA
I don't see any bubbles. I'll keep looking until sunset.

WARRICK
(VO, filtered)
Look for an SMB that might have been punctured and fallen over.

EXT. 2014/OCEAN/DINGHY - CONTINUOUS

Warrick DRIVES the dinghy, speaking into a marine RADIO on the console.

WARRICK (CONT'D)
If you can't find it,
(beat)
Look for a body.

Samantha says nothing in reply. He looks out to the sea, tinged PINK and ORANGE in the sunlight, and see's two inflated SMB'S bobbing along the surface.

UW. 2014/OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Johanne, in full SCUBA gear, swim along the bottom.

Johanne points to the sky, then makes a fist and lowers it behind his other, flat hand.

JOHANNE
 (hand signals, subtitled)
 Sun's gone.

Patrick points to his chest and then his head.

PATRICK
 (hand signals, subtitled)
 I know.

Both men flip on underwater TORCHES.

Johanne turns his towards himself. In the TORCHLIGHT, he points to his chest, puts his middle finger up, then rubs his arm.

JOHANNE
 (hand signals, subtitled)
 I'm fucking cold.

Patrick turns his TORCH toward himself, in the LIGHT points to himself and flashes two fingers.

PATRICK
 (hand signals, subtitled)
 Me too.

Johanne shakes his head. We close in on his TORCHLIGHT.

INT. 2014/PONTA/BAR OFFICE - EVENING

Which becomes the naked BULB hanging above the POKER TABLE.

Dean, Marion, Zikali, and Kosinati are in their regular places.

DEAN
 Do you think they'll find him?

KOSINATI
 No.

ZIKALI
 Raise, fifty-five to you.

MARION
 Call. It's a shame, he's a good oke. Good worker.

DEAN
 Was he permanent staff?

MARION

Freelance. I don't need another DM,
but the boy can fix a tractor. Had
a good resume, ex-military. He and
his mate, both.

NKOSINATI

Call.

DEAN

(matches bet)

Flop is 7, 7, Jack of clubs.

ZIKALI

I hate to bring this up, but-

DEAN

Not now.

ZIKALI

I must insist!

DEAN

No. Bet first.

ZIKALI

Check.

MARION

Raise, twenty-five.

ZIKALI

(to Dean)

When are you going to fix the leak
into the reservoir?

KOSINATI

Cocksucker! You've got nothing!
Call.

ZIKALI

(to Dean)

It's affecting the-

DEAN

You know that poachers knocked out
half a kilometer of fencing along
the southern border. If we don't
repair that, the animals will
escape. The tourists can drink
bottled water. Call.

ZIKALI

Call.

DEAN

Another 7.

ZIKALI

Check.

MARION

(staring at Dean)

Check. I need that reservoir fixed,
Dean. My *tourists* are complaining
that the swimming pool smells like
a watering hole.

DEAN

I'll get to it.

MARION

I've paid you plenty. I know this
game.

KOSINATI

Check.

MARION

Now you've got your contract and
the delays have started before the
project has.

DEAN

You've got me, Marion. I've lost my
business sense completely. Raise.
Fifty.

ZIKALI

Fold.

MARION

(beat)

Fold.

DEAN

Was there any news about that
instructor of yours that was
hijacked?

MARION

He's a *videographer*. I've got no
idea. Kosinati?

NKOSINATI
Re-raise. One hundred fifty.

DEAN
Fold.

KOSINATI
Nothing at all.

Kosinati rakes in his winnings.

DEAN
That's enough for me tonight.

INT. 2014/PONTA/PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sousanna opens the door, exhausted, wet, tired, and carrying a big bag of gear, which she drops on the floor as soon as her phone begins to RING.

Dean's calling. She stares at the phone for a moment before pressing the IGNORE button. She SIGHS.

Pulling back, we see Siyabonga and Kumbulani are standing right next to the DOOR, holding ROPE & KNIVES.

Kumbulani STARTS towards Sousanna, but Siyabonga HOLDS him back, shaking his head.

He then GESTURES and the two slip, unnoticed, out the DOOR.

INT. 2014/PONTA/DIVE CENTER GARAGE - SUNRISE

The garage is barely lit by the first light of DAWN.

Patrick, still in a WETSUIT, shuffles across the room to the simple SHOWER in the back corner. He rests his heavy GEAR on the floor nearby and steps into the shower.

The lights flip on, but it only serves to augment the DAYLIGHT.

JOHANNE
(to Warrick, distant)
Can I just ask a stupid question.
Why did you let him make a dive
like that alone?

WARRICK
(to Johanne, distant)
I didn't let him do anything. Gar's
an adult, he makes his own choices.

PATRICK
Even proper stupid ones?

WARRICK
(distant)
He makes his own fucking choices.
I'm not his mother, never have
been. Gar's a survivor. He made it
through the Korengal, he'll make it
out there.

Patrick turns on the water. It's a BRACKISH BROWN & clearly
STINKS.

JOHANNE
(distant)
Let's hope.

Defeatedly, Patrick sticks his head under the WATER.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Warrick sits ALONE for a long beat at the tavern BAR,
STARING at the empty stool next to him.

Johanne enters the tavern, and calmly walks to the bar.

JOHANNE
May I?

WARRICK
'Course.

JOHANNE
You miss him? Your friend?

WARRICK
Sure.

JOHANNE
Are you worried about him?

WARRICK
No. Should be. Plenty I could do
about it if I were.

JOHANNE
You know I stayed on this island,
years ago, because I was tired of
leaving, but that's all anyone ever
does around here.

WARRICK
Part of life.

JOHANNE
It doesn't have to be.

WARRICK
Sure does.
(beat)
How'd you find yer mate's hat?

JOHANNE
Some idiot was wearing it.

WARRICK
Is he the guy who stole it?

JOHANNE
I don't know. Nobody does. Harry
got him, just the same.

WARRICK
You can't know for sure.

JOHANNE
So what can you do?

WARRICK
Choose. Would you rather be right
or wrong?

JOHANNE
You can't make that choice.

WARRICK
You have to. Every day. Doubt is
only the shadow of decision. It
will always be there; right behind
your own good sense.

EXT. 1714/SLOOP/DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gareth stands on the deck of Dean's SLOOP. They are asail on
the open ocean and SAILORS crew the boat all around them.

Dean is at a desk nearby, pouring over a map. The leather
POUCH that he gave Gareth is used to WEIGHT it's corner.

GARETH
(to Marion)
So, where're we headed?

DEAN
 (pointing to the map)
 Here. We need food, we need
 gunpowder. We'll resupply and ship
 out.

GARETH
 To where?

Dean takes the POUCH, putting it into his own pocket, and
 Gareth rolls up the map.

DEAN
 We'll be turning around. Back to
 Bonak'ua.

INT. 2014/PONTA/DIVE CENTER/STOREFRONT - AFTERNOON

Johanne and Patrick stand in the shop. Both men SWAY with
 EXHAUSTION.

Patrick has his CAMERA, Johanne holds a stack of PAPERWORK.

PATRICK
 (checking his watch)
 They're late.

JOHANNE
 We shouldn't even be here. We
 should be out searching for Gareth.

PATRICK
 The police are looking now.

JOHANNE
 Do you trust them?

PATRICK
 No, but what else can we do?

JOHANNE
 (sarcastic)
 We could tie the ocean up and beat
 it until it tells us where he is.

Patrick looks at Johanne questioningly, but before he can
 respond, Marion enters.

MARION
 (to no one)
 Yes, but I am tired!
 (beat, to Johanne)
 (MORE)

MARION (cont'd)
Why aren't you teaching?

JOHANNE
Who am I supposed to teach;
Patrick?

MARION
Don't be a cunt. These are very
important clients and it is very
important that they are treated
with professionalism and
excitement.

JOHANNE
What else wou-

PATRICK
Sure thing. They won't lift a hand.

MARION
Splendid.

The door OPENS. TIM and CHRISTINA enter. Both are German and
in their 50's.

Johanne shakes off his exhaustion and forces a smile.

JOHANNE
You must be Tim and Christina.

TIM
Yes, hallo.

JOHANNE
My name is Johanne and I will be
your instructor for the Discover
Scuba Diving experience. This is
Patrick, our videographer. He will
film the entire process and if
you'd like, you can purchase a DVD
of the film from him afterwards.

CHRISTINA
Oh, how interesting.

JOHANNE
If you would follow me into the
classroom, we can go ahead and get
started!

Johanne speaks as the couple follow him into the CLASSROOM.
Patrick follows them, stopping to frame his shots.

JOHANNE (CONT'D)

Our schedule is broken into three parts; an instructional video, a session in the swimming pool, and tomorrow, diving in the ocean.

Tim and Christina look nervous.

In the CLASSROOM are a few tables pointed towards a whiteboard and TV. Posters and OLD DIVE EQUIPMENT cover the walls, including a huge, iron, TRIDENT SPEAR.

JOHANNE (CONT'D)

If you would take a seat here, I'll leave you with this medical statement, just read through and write yes or no on the blanks. I will be at the swimming pool preparing your equipment, please come find me if you have any questions.

TIM

Thank you, Johanne.

JOHANNE

Pleasure.

Johanne leaves them in the classroom, walking through the STORE and out towards the SWIMMING POOL, outside.

Johanne stops; frozen.

An adult HIPPOPOTAMUS is standing in the shallow end of the pool, staring at Johanne.

He turns around and walks back into the shop, where Patrick is framing a shot with his camera.

JOHANNE

There's a hippo in the swimming pool.

PATRICK

A what?

JOHANNE

A hippo.

Marion enters.

MARION
Why aren't you teaching?

JOHANNE
There's a hippo in the swimming
pool.

MARION
Oh, would you quit-

Marion stands frozen in the doorframe.

The Hippo BLEATS in his direction.

MARION (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
You have to get it out of there,
now.

JOHANNE
How?

MARION
I don't know. The customers must
not see this.

PATRICK
None of those things are possible.

JOHANNE
Marion, I'm a diving instructor,
not a game ranger.

Marion steps back into the store, collected.

MARION
And if you want to get paid, you'll
need to take these people diving.

JOHANNE
I'm going to see if they've
finished their paperwork.

Johanne goes into the classroom.

MARION
I'm going to make myself a drink.

PATRICK
I know who to call.

Patrick pulls out his PHONE.

INT. 2014/DIVE SHOP/CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Christina sit at the table. Johanne enters.

JOHANNE

How's the paperwork coming?

CHRISTINA

I have one question about the medical statement.

JOHANNE

Yes.

CHRISTINA

I had a surgery on this leg when I was very young.

JOHANNE

Yes.

CHRISTINA

Do I need some note for the doctor?

JOHANNE

No, I'm sure you're just fine. Just mark 'no.'

CHRISTINA

But I did have the surgery.

JOHANNE

Yes, but I don't think it will be an issue.

CHRISTINA

How can it not be an issue? I have to swim? Use my legs?

JOHANNE

When did you have the surgery?

CHRISTINA

I was eleven.

JOHANNE

Have you had problems with your leg since?

CHRISTINA

No, but I don't know, maybe in the water it is different. I think I need to speak with my doctor. Is this alright?

JOHANNE
I don't think it's necessary-

CHRISTINA
Why not? Why not necessary?

JOHANNE
If it would make you feel more comfortable...

CHRISTINA
I don't think anything will make me feel more comfortable. My hands are shaking. I am so nervous.

JOHANNE
You have nothing to be nervous about.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/DIVE CENTER/SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Harry stands frozen in the doorframe, looking at the pool.

HARRY
Fuck.

INT. 2014/DIVE SHOP/CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOHANNE (CONT'D)
Last thing is the indemnity form which basically states that you understand that while diving is not dangerous, there are inherent risks to breathing underwater.
(The Hippo's BLEAT is heard from outside)
And that you accept those risks upon yourselves.

CHRISTINA
Have you ever had anything really bad go wrong?

JOHANNE
No.

Patrick enters, sweating.

PATRICK
(nervous)
Hi.

JOHANNE

Hey.

Patrick crosses the room, towards the TRIDENT.

PATRICK

Sorry, I just need to
borrow...this.

(on his way out, he stops to
pick up a chair)

This too.

CHRISTINA

Are there sharks in the water here?

JOHANNE

Yes. But you have a better chance
of being struck by lightning than
being attacked by a shark.

CHRISTINA

We are not diving in a lightning
storm.

Beat.

JOHANNE

This is a new experience. It's
understandable to be anxious, but I
assure you, everything will be
fine. If you don't trust me, trust
your husband.

(to Time)

You look like you're ready for
anything.

TIM

Oh, I'm terrified, but there's
nothing I can do; I just want to
get in to the water.

JOHANNE

Exactly. All I need on this form is
a name here, signature here, and
the date. If you'll give me just
one second...

Johanne goes into the STORE.

INT. 2014/DIVE SHOP/STORE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick stands over a pile of tools and weapons, looking exhausted. Marion stands in the same place he was exactly, but now he has a DRINK in his hand.

The Hippo's BLEATS and Harry's GRUNTS can be heard outside.

JOHANNE
How's it going?

PATRICK
Well. I think well.

MARION
How are your students?

JOHANNE
Nervous.

Harry enters from outside, carrying the TRIDENT. He is a complete mess.

HARRY
Ok. Hippo's gone.

MARION
Oh, thank god.

JOHANNE
Right.

Johanne goes to the classroom.

PATRICK
(to Harry)
Thank you so much.

HARRY
(thickly accented)
Pleasure.

Johanne leads Tim and Christina across towards the SWIMMING POOL.

Everyone smiles thinly as they pass and walk outside.

MARION
Right.

Marion walks into his OFFICE and picks up his PHONE.

MARION
(into phone)
Dean, it's Marion. I need you to
fix that reservoir now...

INT. 2014/PONTA/DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dean sits at his desk, relaxed.

MARION
(VO, filtered)
...it's backing up into the
swimming pool.

Dean comes out of his recline, his interest piqued. A smile
crawls across his face as he speaks.

DEAN
I understand. I'll get right on it.

MARION
(VO, filtered)
Shot, cheers.

INT. 2014/PONTA/BAR - EVENING

Tim, Johanne, Christina, and Patrick sit at a table. Patrick
and Johanne are still in their work t-shirts.

TIM
That was incredible!

JOHANNE
And that's just the swimming pool.
(to Christina)
Are you still nervous?

CHRISTINA
A little bit, but it's ok.

TIM
Where are you from, Johanne?

JOHANNE
Paris.

CHRISTINA
And did you study marine biology or
something?

JOHANNE

No, I didn't go to school.

CHRISTINA

Oh, I see. How did you get in to diving?

JOHANNE

I knew it was what I wanted to do. Jacques Cousteau's movies changed my life as a kid. Not that I'm that old, but as I get older, I think that Diver's are the luckiest people. We are the little window of history that can explore the ocean. Especially at the rate we are destroying it; we are maybe the last, as well.

TIM

It is such a shame.

CHRISTINA

I know, it's so beautiful.

PATRICK

And you haven't even been!

CHRISTINA

I know!

(to Johanne)

And how long have you been working as an instructor?

JOHANNE

Seven years.

TIM

Can you make a living like this?

JOHANNE

It isn't much, but it's enough. For me, at least.

TIM

And you, Patrick, do you do well with your video?

PATRICK

If I knew how to make money, I would. Instead, I make videos.

CHRISTINA
And did you study this?

PATRICK
No.

CHRISTINA
How did you get started?

PATRICK
I just...started doing it.

CHRISTINA
That's very brave.

TIM
(to Johanne)
When will you go back to Paris?

JOHANNE
I probably won't. I mean, just to visit.

TIM
Have you lived there as an adult?

JOHANNE
Yes, I've tried. I don't know. I always feel like I'm on the outside of something. Some people get it. I don't get it. I don't like cities. I feel more comfortable here.

PATRICK
Cheers. To Tim, thanks for the beers.

TIM
Ach, it's nothing. *Prozt.*

They cheers.

EXT. 2014/ZULA ZULU GAME RESERVE/FENCE - AFTERNOON

Johanne stands next to a BUZZING electrified fence. On his side is barren, almost desert. The other side is lush and filled with LIFE.

He walks along the fence, looking in, seeing a herd of Zebra's running together, birds flocking above the treeline, and he smiles.

He begins to run, until he come across the gate.

On either side of the fence is a sign that says 'ENTRANCE' with an arrow pointing towards the GATE.

Johanne stands for a moment very confused, until the gate opens, but the SOUND is of a door opening in another room, from inside a house.

Johanne steps inside, and with each step rises the sounds of INSECTS, BIRDS, & the JUNGLE. There is also, however, the boom of FOOTSTEPS that are not Johanne's.

The crescendo of the NOISE is a man's voice;

SIYABONGA
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Mulungu fuckwit.

INT. 2014/PONTA/JOHANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johanne wakes up, sweating, his heart pounding, only to see that Siyabonga is standing at the foot of his bed, holding a knife.

blackout.

EXT. 2014/ZULA ZULU GAME RESERVE/BEACH - NIGHT

Gareth, barely conscious and badly sunburnt, washes up in the SURF.

He crawls his way out of the water. Most of his equipment is gone and his wetsuit has been torn full of holes. He drags himself to his feet.

He looks South, but all he see's is identical to North; a narrow strip of beach bordering on THICK BUSH. Contemplating, he turns back and forth in INDECISION.

Bending down, he grabs a very SMOOTH ROCK. He turns it over, pointing with each direction.

GARETH
(rasping, to himself)
Heads, Tails.

He flips the rock, but both sides look identical.

GARETH
(rasping, to himself)
Fook it, North.

He turns, but standing in his way is an adult LEOPARD.

The pair pause to square the other up. Neither ANIMAL expected the other.

Gareth slowly RAISES his arms, but the Leopard responds by raising a GROWL, which subsides when Gareth relaxes his stance.

Gareth looks behind the Leopard and sees criss-crossing Leopard tracks. Lots of them. As if a large Leopard family lives here.

He crouches, his eyes meeting the Leopard's at it's level.

GARETH

Do you have spots on your dick?

(beat, the leopard stares back
in silence)

I'll bet you know where water is.

Gareth's knee DROPS and he almost falls. The Leopard studies him for a moment, then lifts it's tail, turns, & walks off into the BUSH. Gareth hobbles along behind it.

EXT. 2014/BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Gareth makes his slow way through the BUSH, along the Leopard-worn path, stopping occasionally to listen for a GROWL or HOOT. The first rays of dawn glimmer in the veld.

The path turns sharply and descends a steep INCLINE, at the bottom of which is a Leopard drinking from a clear stream. Gareth makes his way down in cautious haste.

The only accessible bank for drinking is directly next to the Leopard. Gareth has no choice. Carefully, quietly, methodically he steps, kneels, & drinks next to the Leopard.

The cat lifts it's head, but looks in the opposite direction. It GROWLS, then looks towards Gareth and trots off to the top of the incline, where it stands, GUARDING.

Gareth drinks, peacefully, until the sudden CRACK of GUNFIRE breaks the jungle quiet. He turns to see the Leopard in the THROES of DEATH, whimpering and bleeding.

Gareth drops on to his stomach and crawls into the STREAM, where he hides, watching the Leopard. Two Zulu men come to the Leopard, one SHOTS it in the head with a PISTOL.

They carry the animal away, and Gareth sneaks up the INCLINE to follow them. On the other side of the hill is a white pickup truck with 'PONTA MUNICIPALITY' written on it's side.

INT. 2014/PONTA/LODGE/TIM & CHRISTINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight dances on the walls of the cushy resort room. Tim & Christina wear swimsuits, towels, & too much sunscreen.

CHRISTINA

(in German, subtitled)

Where are my sunglasses? Did you pack my sunglasses?

TIM

(in German, subtitled)

I think they're in the dry bag.

CHRISTINA

(in German, subtitled)

Oh fine, I'll just put my eyes in the dry bag. Are you nervous? I'm so nervous!

TIM

(in German, subtitled)

I am excited more than anything.

CHRISTINA

(in German, subtitled)

Me too, nervous, but excited!

TIM

(in German, subtitled)

What if we see a shark?!

CHRISTINA

(in German, subtitled)

Oh! I do not dare!

(laughing)

You stay between me and any sharks.

TIM

(in German, subtitled,
laughing)

I was about to say the same to you!

CHRISTINA

(in German, subtitled)

Oh no, we are late!

TIM

(in German, subtitled)

Let's go, come on.

The couple leave the room and we stare at the door for a beat, until Christina comes back into the room to grab a disposable camera.

CHRISTINA
 (in German, subtitled)
 The camera! I almost forgot the
 camera! Oof!

She exits again.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Christina giddily catches up to Tim and they walk across the resort towards the Dive Center.

CHRISTINA
 (in German, subtitled)
 Promise me there won't be any
 sharks.

TIM
 (in German, subtitled)
 I do not dare.
 (Christina playfully elbows
 him)
 Ouch!

CHRISTINA
 (in German, subtitled)
 Oh, let me get my sunglasses.

On the steps of the Dive Center, Christina stops to rummage through the Dry Bag slung over Tim's shoulder.

Behind them, Patrick is in a prolonged, exaggerated shrug as he talks to Marion, who walks the line between terrified & furious. Both men look beyond exhausted.

CHRISTINA
 (in German, subtitled)
 Here we are!

Christina puts her glasses on and struts into the DIVE CENTER.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 (in English, excitedly)
 Good morning!

PATRICK
 Guten Morgen.

CHRISTINA
 Ah, you know some German?

PATRICK
Not really.

TIM
(to Marion)
Good morning

MARION
Morning.

They shake hands.

CHRISTINA
Where is Johanne?

PATRICK
He didn't show up-

MARION
Johanne is sick. Patrick will be
leading your dive, instead.

TIM
Will you be able to bring your
camera?

PATRICK
No, unfortunately I won't.

CHRISTINA
(brandishing the disposable
camera)
All the same, we have this! Oh, I'm
so excited! Nervous. But excited
also!

PATRICK
Well, then, let's get going.

A nervous SQUEAL strikes Christina

EXT. 1714/BONAK'UA/DOCK - AFTERNOON

An impressive sloop is tied to the end of a long, newly
built dock.

A younger Patrick stands on the dock among a team of
SHOUTING sailors trying to unload a large, thick, slab of
glass onto the dock.

PATRICK

(VO)

...well we had wanted a window for
a long time, but one that would
keep the bugs out at night. After
months of saving and dealing and
waiting, it finally arrived, but as
we were unloading the awkward
thing, it fell,
(a rope SNAPS and the slab
topples into the sea)
splloosh, into the water.

Young Patrick stares curiously at us.

WARRICK

(VO)

Shame, man.

PATRICK

(VO)

As it sank, I could see through the
glass,
(the slab slowly sinks beneath
the surface, providing a
window to the colorful reef
beneath it)
clearer than I'd ever seen the
ocean before. Out of the broken
pieces we recovered, I made that;
my dearest possession.

Warrick looks up, straight at us, wearing a very goofy
helmet made from half a coconut with two glass lenses fit in
crude gum seals. He and it are soaking wet.

He and Patrick stand on the same dock, which has slightly
decayed.

WARRICK

That was an amazing experience.

PATRICK

You can jump in again if you want,
(gesturing to the serenity of
the beachside)
none of us are busy.

WARRICK

Thank you, my friend, but I think
my old bones have had enough for
one day.

They begin to walk down the dock, back towards the beach.

PATRICK

The ocean will still be here
tomorrow, please borrow the helmet
again. Giving someone the
experience that I've been lucky
enough to find is...well, it's
magic.

On the shore, Sousanna sits, bored, on the beach, her skin
glistening with sun-sweat. Patrick's hat and mandolin lie in
the sand next to her.

WARRICK

I surely will.

SOUSANNA

They are just fish. Better for
dinner, I think.

PATRICK

(smiling)

Well, no one asked you.

Patrick and Warrick sit in the sand. Patrick puts on his hat
and picks up his mandolin, automatically, mindlessly,
beginning to STRUM.

SOUSANNA

What do they do? Better for dinner,
I think.

PATRICK

(singing)

*She spoke for an hour,
I learned nothing about her,
but the color and the smell of her
hair...*

WARRICK

Where is the Frenchman?

SOUSANNA

I think he angry with Patrick
still.

PATRICK

*The merchant assured me, he was
trying to sell me,
himself, but he wasn't there...*

WARRICK

About what?

Patrick's MANDOLIN continues in the background.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Johanne sits at a practice drum-set, built from wood & skins.

He tries to strike a slow, melodic rhythm, but is not pleased. Grabbing a small hand-drum, he finds his tune.

JOHANNE

(singing)

*Bring meInto your new
moralityBring meInto your new
morality*

PATRICK

(VO, singing)

*I don't remember-
what it was that they said
all I want-
Is to put all of them out of my
head...*

JOHANNE

(singing)

*It's not wrong, as longas we do it
together-*

PATRICK

(VO, singing)

*There's too many thought's in my
way-*

JOHANNE

(singing)

*We can decide what's wrongchoose
that it doesn't matter-*

PATRICK

(VO, singing)

I can't recall yesterday!

JOHANNE

(singing)

*what we've done, who we are where
we're going, what we carry
inside...*

PATRICK

(VO, singing)

*She was arriving or leaving,or
maybe she lived there,
I never had the luck to find out...*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
Bring meInto your new morality...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
*Then when I left him,
 I saw his eyes dim,
 Another worst part of his day...*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
*Bring meInto your new
 moralityBring me...*

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
I don't remember-

JOHANNE
 (singing)
Inside

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
What it was that we bought...

JOHANNE
 (singing)
Open your doors for me...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
All I wanted-

JOHANNE
 (singing)
*To see if you're as wretched as
 me...*

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
*Was to think without getting
 caught...*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
Don't turn away...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
*There's too many thoughts in my
 way-*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
I'm telling you it's OK...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
I can't recall yesterday!

JOHANNE
 (singing)
*Bring me
 Into your new morality
 Bring me
 Into your new morality
 Bring me
 Into your new morality*

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
*Now it's november,
 And I'd like to send her,
 A gift, but I'm sure she's
 not home.
 So I'll keep to myself,
 What I would have liked
 To share with somebody
 else...*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
It's too late to decide...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
*I've put too many thoughts in my
 way-*

JOHANNE
 (singing)
But it's cold...

PATRICK
 (VO, singing)
I can't recall yesterday!

Patrick's MANDOLIN finishes, but the DRUMMING continues without it.

JOHANNE
 (singing)
...and I can't sleep outside.

Johanne continues DRUMMING, until his last beat ends with a massive CRASH that shakes the room. He looks up in confusion.

Another CRASH comes, closer, with the sound of SPLINTERING and DEBRIS.

He walks cautiously out of the backstage area into the tavern, coming to a huge, slab-sized hole in the wall (where a window should be) that was not there previously.

He sticks his head outside and see's Patrick, Warrick, & Sousanna sprinting towards the building.

WARRICK
(distant)
GET DOWN!!! GET INSIDE!!!

On the horizon, a fleet of ships stands broadside to the shore. A volley of cannon fire muzzle-flashes lights up one of the ships.

JOHANNE
(in French, subtitled)
Fuck me...

The volley hits, the first cannonballs landing on the beach, followed by closer and closer hits until one comes through the window, smashing a crater in the floorboards.

Sand and debris fill the tavern.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

A huge barbeque grill is set up nearby a handful of tables covered in meat, bread, & sauces.

The staff of the Dive Shop (excluding Johanne & Gareth), and a handful of others, including Marion, Zikali, & Kosinati, mill around the barbeque.

Dean stands behind the grill, smiling, laughing, and cooking.

Patrick & Sousanna stand offset from the group, eating boerewors rolls.

SOUSANNA
I don't understand why we are celebrating.

PATRICK
Free food, I guess.

SOUSANNA
They haven't even fixed the water yet.

PATRICK
I think they're trying to cover that up with meat.

SOUSANNA

I don't want meat. I want clean water.

PATRICK

Yup.

(beat, then takes a bite of boerewors)

Where the fuck is Johanne?

SOUSANNA

I think he angry.

PATRICK

About what?

SOUSANNA

About you. He doesn't like the violence.

PATRICK

How do you know?

SOUSANNA

I can see it. I see everything.

PATRICK

Really, then what's that?

Patrick points so Sousanna looks, then puts his boerewors right where her head was.

SOUSANNA

What?

When she turns her head back, she runs right into it, getting sauce all over her cheek. Patrick explodes laughing.

SOUSANNA (CONT'D)

(cleaning off her face)

You think this is funny? You don't know why we're here?

PATRICK

Frankly, babe, it's been a really shitty week. I don't care why we're here.

SOUSANNA

Exactly.

Warrick passes by, we follow him towards the trees where he unzips his pants to pee.

GARETH

Oy.

WARRICK

-t the fuck. Gar?!

Gareth's face, painted in mud, pops out from between the bushes.

GARETH

Don't look.

WARRICK (CONT'D)

You're alive!

GARETH

Shu' up, or I won't be for long.

WARRICK

What are you on about, mate, it's so good to see you.

GARETH

Listen to me, that guy, Dean, he's a poacher.

WARRICK

He's the head of the municipality.

GARETH

I don't care if he's the fucking pope, he's a poacher. His men are poachers. I saw 'em shoot a leopard.

WARRICK

(serious)

Did they see you?

GARETH

I don't know. I don't know what to do.

WARRICK

(difficult)

Best stay hidden.

GARETH

Ye'. Mate, it's really good to see you. I really fookin' missed you.

WARRICK
Ye'. What are you gonna do?

GARETH
Find out if they're lookin' for me.

WARRICK
Be safe.

GARETH
Fook off.

Gareth's face disappears. Warrick stares at the bushes where he was, a lonely look washing over his face.

Patrick & Sousanna pass by, arms locked, waving goodbye.

PATRICK
Later, Warrick.

WARRICK
You off?

PATRICK
Yeah, see you in the morning.

WARRICK
See you in the morning.

Patrick, Sousanna, & us walk out on a sand road.

SOUSANNA
Is this the way back to the car
park?

PATRICK
I don't know, I've never been to
this side of the beach before.

SOUSANNA
I think it this way.

PATRICK
Sure?

SOUSANNA
Sure sure.

PATRICK
So no.

SOUSANNA
Stay here, then.

PATRICK
(laughing)
With all the food, I might just-
(Sousanna stops. She see's
something truly shocking.
Patrick see's it too.)
OH FUCK

Patrick sprints out ahead.

In the path is a person, face down.

Patrick reaches it, rolls it over.

It's Johanne, dead.

His eyes, tongue, & hands are missing.

SOUSANNA
No....

PATRICK
HELP!!!!

EXT. 1714/BONAK'UA/OFFSHORE - AFTERNOON

Gareth, another pirate, and a caged dove sit in a rowboat between Dean's armada and Bonak'ua.

They tie a letter around one of it's legs and let it fly towards Bonak'ua.

As it flies, the pirate prepares a bow. As the bird comes over the land, the pirate lets the arrow fly.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - EVENING

Patrick, Warrick, Sousanna, & Marion sit in silence at one of the tables, a piece of parchment in between them, dotted with blood.

The dove that carried it lies spread out on an adjacent table, dead, with an arrow sticking straight up from it's body.

SOUSANNA
What do we do?

MARION

We fight.

PATRICK

With what?

WARRICK

Do any of you have any fighting experience?

MARION

I'm not giving up my fucking island.

WARRICK

He's not given you much of a choice.

MARION

There has to be something we can do.

SOUSANNA

He's made it very clear; you can't. No ships allowed in means no money, no food; nothing.

WARRICK

She's right, and if you surrender to the blockade, what will keep him from killing all of us when he gets here?

PATRICK

He won't kill the band.

MARION

What about me? What does that mean for me?!

Silence.

INT. 2014/PONTA/MARION'S HOUSE - EVENING

Marion opens the door, completely distraught, his eyes are red and wet.

His house is huge. Impressively large and filled with animal trophies, artwork, and electronics. Marion clearly makes all the money the rest of them do not.

His maid, THEMBI, stands quietly in the corner.

Marion ushers Patrick and Warrick inside, who look exhausted and confused.

MARION

Please, please come in. Can I get you something to drink, coffee, whiskey, tea?

PATRICK

Coffee, sure.

WARRICK

As well.

MARION

(screaming)

Thembi! Two coffee's...Not too much sugar!

(to Patrick & Warrick)

Please sit down.

They sit at a table very similar to the one in Bonak'ua, but elegant instead of rustic (read: same table, but lacquered).

PATRICK

What do you want, Marion?

MARION

It's the water.

PATRICK

Oh, really.

MARION

It isn't just the pump, it's the *entire system*. The pipes, the drains, the reservoirs, *everything*.

PATRICK

We need to hire a new instructor.

MARION

That's it, I can't. I can't afford another member of staff. Patrick, you're going to have to teach and run the shop. Warrick, you'll have to drive the boat, full-time. It's the only way I can keep the lodge.

Thembi brings the coffees.

MARION (CONT'D)
 (to Thembi)
 In these mugs? Do these look like
your guests?

WARRICK
 It doesn't matter, rea-

MARION
 Of course it matters! It all
 matters!

PATRICK
 When will I be able to film?

MARION
 On your own time, whenever you
 want.

PATRICK
 So you're asking me to make my job
 a hobby.

MARION
 It's the only way! Otherwise I'll
 have to sell the lodge to Dean!

Thembi brings the coffees in nearly identical mugs. (read:
 not lacquered)

MARION (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

THEMBI
 Can I go home now?

MARION (CONT'D)
 No, not until the guests leave.

PATRICK
 So that's what he was celebrating.

MARION
 Yes, conniving bastard that he is.
 He knew it would come to this, we
 have to stop him.

PATRICK
 I don't think we do.

MARION
 What do you mean?

PATRICK

This, Marion, is your problem.
Frankly, I don't give two shits who
owns the lodge, as long as I get to
do my job.

MARION

After all I've done for you?

PATRICK

Like what? Buy yourself another
fucking trophy instead of paying us
a living wage? I work for you 12
hours a day and barely scrape by.

MARION

You do not have the responsibility
that I do.

PATRICK

You're right. When you don't fix
the water, you have to pay for it.

MARION

(aghast)

Warrick, talk some sense into this
man!

WARRICK

While I do like the idea of working
full-time, Patrick's right, you're
a greedy bastard.

MARION

No! Dean's the bastard!

PATRICK

You're both bastards. I wake up
every day at 4 o'clock to haul
cylinders, gear, everything, and I
don't get paid for it. You exploit
the fact that I want to dive every
day, so you make it *my* problem if
the boats don't launch. Fuck you. I
assume the Dean won't change a
fucking thing, but I don't care.
I'm actually happy, I don't care.
I'm cold, I'm hungry, I'm poor, but
I'm alive. Fuck do I feel alive
here. You're on your own, Marion.

(to Warrick)

I'm leaving, are you coming?

WARRICK

Ye'.

Patrick & Warrick stand up from the table and make towards the door.

MARION

You can't do this to me!

PATRICK

You've done this to yourself.

They leave. We follow them out the front door.

WARRICK

I'm on your side, mate, but Dean might be a much worse solution. He is a very, very, bad man.

PATRICK

Aren't they all?

Thembi comes rushing out the door after them, hurriedly walking off.

WARRICK

He's a poacher.

Patrick stops.

PATRICK

How do you know?

WARRICK

Gareth told me.

PATRICK

Gareth's dead.

WARRICK

Johanne's dead. Gareth isn't.

Patrick starts to walk away. Warrick grabs him by the arm.

WARRICK (CONT'D)

I don't think you understand. We need to help him.

PATRICK

Why?

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - EVENING

Gareth SMASHES open the door of the tavern. Patrick, Warrick, & Johanne turn to see him standing in the doorway, soaked in blood & salt.

GARETH
He's going to kill all of you.

PATRICK
Where the fuck did you come from?

GARETH
There's no time for that, we need
to fight back before they reach us.

WARRICK
Aye.

INT. 2014/PONTA/PATRICK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Patrick sits at the table, Sousanna is standing nearby.

PATRICK
I think he planned it this way.

SOUSANNA
Of course he did!

PATRICK
Why are you so angry?

SOUSANNA
Because the first thing Dean's
going to do is fire you!

PATRICK
No he won't, I'm the only
instructor he has.

SOUSANNA
He'll just buy another one!

PATRICK
Why would he do that? You're being
ridiculous.

SOUSANNA
I know!

PATRICK
How do you know?

SOUSANNA
Because I know!

PATRICK
That makes no sense. How do you know?

SOUSANNA
Because it's true!

PATRICK
No it isn't.

SOUSANNA
Yes it is!

PATRICK
Why?

SOUSANNA
So he can get to me!

PATRICK
What? He's disgusting. Why would you ever-

The look on Sousanna's face is obvious.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You already have, haven't you.

SOUSANNA
Yes.

PATRICK
When?

SOUSANNA
It doesn't matter.

PATRICK
When?

SOUSANNA
Many times.

PATRICK
When was the last one?

SOUSANNA

Last week.

Silence happens. Big, awful silence. The worst silence possible. Patrick can't look at Sousanna, who can't look at Patrick.

She turns, walks into the bathroom.

Patrick follows her, tries the door, but it's locked.

He walks to his desk and sits down. He grabs a pair of headphones, plugs them into his computer and turns on ELECTRONIC ATTACK MUSIC.

INT. 1714/BONAK'UA/TAVERN - EVENING

The MUSIC continues in the background.

Warrick, Gareth, Patrick, & Johanne sit around one of the large tables.

A piece of parchment, swords, the coconut mask, torches, and other random pieces of equipment lay on the table.

WARRICK

So then I'll swim to the boat, but we'll need to time it perfectly.

GARETH

I'll shoot a flaming arrow.

PATRICK

That's too obvious.

JOHANNE

He's right, that won't work.

PATRICK

Make a big splash, instead.

WARRICK

What if the sea's rough? We won't hear it.

GARETH

I don't see what's wrong with the flaming arrow.

PATRICK

Well they'll know it's not a real lightning shark if people are shooting flaming fucking arrows.

WARRICK
It's too theatrical.

GARETH
Right, then I'll make a pigeon
call.

PATRICK
What if there are actual pigeons?

GARETH
Then I'll shoot them down with
flaming fucking arrows!

WARRICK
I'm going to be honest. I don't
think this is a good plan.

GARETH
Thank you!

PATRICK
I don't either.

WARRICK
We need a new plan.

PATRICK
Fine.

Patrick stands up from the table. He walks to the door that
leads to the kitchen, opens it, steps inside...

INT. 2014/PONTA/PATRICK'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...But walks into the bathroom where Sousanna is sitting on
the toilet with a razor in her hand. She looks up at him.

The MUSIC softens.

PATRICK
This plan doesn't make any sense.

SOUSANNA
I know.

PATRICK
Well, what do you want us to do?

SOUSANNA
We can't win.

PATRICK
No. I don't think we can.

She points the razor at Patrick.

SOUSANNA
I know, don't you think I know?
*Don't you think I fucking know
that?*

She lays the razor on one of her wrists.

PATRICK
There's more than one way out that
door, you know.

SOUSANNA
No. There isn't.

Sousanna grimaces in pain.

INT. 2014/PONTA/PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick's face is in a similar grimace as he bites his teeth
together.

The MUSIC continues, loud enough to realize how loud it is
in Patrick's ears.

We hear a THUD from the bathroom, but Patrick doesn't.

A puddle of blood seeps out from under the bathroom door.

Patrick doesn't see that either.

He rips the headphones off, stands up, heads straight for
the front door.

EXT. 1714/SLOOP/DECK - CONTINUOUS

The MUSIC is at full volume.

Patrick stands in the center of a large sloop. Johanne,
Gareth, Warrick, San'ele, Sousanna; the entire band stands
on the deck with him, holding instruments.

PATRICK
(singing)
*And you'll know us By the fear-
And the wind blows fire When we're
near-*

*Keep on the lookout
for Nobeard!*

Gareth fires a flaming arrow into their own sails, lighting the whole ship ablaze.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(singing)
*and his neverfun roughtime boys!
Stay on the lookout for Nobeard!
and his neverfun roughtime boys!*

We see their sloop heading straight for the flagship of Dean's blockade. Their flaming attack sloop is headed at full ramming speed.

As the boats crash into each other, the sound of wood SPLINTERING and CRACKING is the final crescendo of the song as everything lights afire.

It becomes only the PERCUSSION, which becomes a KNOCKING as the fire becomes a door.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/WARRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Warrick opens the door.

PATRICK
Let's do it.

WARRICK
Now?

Patrick's face...

PATRICK
Now.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/SAN'ELE'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

San'ele's face, standing in the squat doorframe of his Zulu home.

SAN'ELE
Yehbo.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/DEAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a farmhouse on a plot of gated land. The Dive Center pickup pulls up to the security booth.

In the back of the pickup is a tarp covering a suspicious lump.

San'ele is driving.

The security GUARD steps out of the booth, holding a clipboard.

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Pool Maintenance.

The GUARD walks a semi-suspicious circle around the car. His facial expression is one of scrutiny, but his actions are nearly pointless.

He writes the license plate number on his clipboard.

GUARD
Sharp.

He opens the gate.

The truck pulls in, as it comes past we see Patrick and Warrick staring out from under the tarp.

The truck parks around the back of the house, in front of a large garage. Patrick, Warrick, & San'ele fumble with organizing handfuls of rope, & knives.

Dean's MAID walks around the corner and freezes, staring at the three men.

SAN'ELE
Ho'w.

PATRICK
(to the maid)
We've come to kill your boss.

A look of surprise lifts her eyebrows.

INT. 2014/PONTA/DEAN'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Patrick, Warrick, San'ele, & the Maid carry the rope & knives down a hallway towards a large door.

We can hear Dean's voice, muffled, on the other side.

The four intruders break through the door to find Dean & Zikali standing over a pile of Elephant Tusks & Rhino Horns.

DEAN
(stunned)
What's the meaning of-

Warrick crosses the room immediately to Dean, deftly incapacitating him as Zikali backs away towards a window.

San'ele follows with rope, Patrick watches, knife in hand.

The CLICK of a pistol cocking turns their heads.

Zikali stands in front of a large, open window, aiming his sidearm at the intruders.

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled)
It's not too late.

ZIKALI
(in Zulu, subtitled)
Of course it-

Gareth's arms come through window, laying a camouflage-painted kitchen knife at Zikali's throat.

GARETH
Drop the gun.

Zikali hesitates, Gareth draws a superficial drop of blood, Zikali surrenders the weapon.

SAN'ELE
You're alive?

GARETH
(climbing in the window)
I'm not a fookin' zombie.

Patrick works to tie Dean's arms and legs.

DEAN
Please, I-

The Maid smashes him over the head with a nearby African statue.

San'ele dials his cell phone.

SAN'ELE
(into phone, in Zulu,
subtitled)
Yehbo, we need to transport a
dangerous animal. Sure. Sure.

EXT. 2014/PONTA/DEAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Harry's 'Zula Zula' truck pulls up to the gate, a squirming tarp in the back. Harry stares through the Guard.

The Guard looks at Harry, safely from his booth. He clearly has objections, but not the courage to voice them.

San'ele leans forward.

SAN'ELE
(in Zulu, subtitled)
There was a Hippo in the swimming
pool.

Patrick, from the Dive Center pickup behind them, HONKS.

The Guard opens the gate.

EXT. 2014/ZULA ZULA GAME RESERVE/CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Harry & San'ele stand in the clearing, above Dean & Zikali sit, whose hands and feet are tied with ropes, their mouths gagged with cloth.

A nearly clean Elephant Skeleton is visible behind them.

Harry draws a large knife from his belt, kneels and cuts the ropes that bind their feet.

HARRY
Stand.

As the pair fumbles their way to their feet, Harry sheathes his knife and puts his hand out without looking.

San'ele places a tree-branch cudgel in his palm.

As the men stand, Harry unceremoniously steps towards Dean, and SHATTERS one of his kneecaps with his cudgel.

He then does the same to Zikali.

HARRY
 (in Zulu, subtitled)
 I will not kill you. You are
 thieves, you are poachers, you are
 evil men. I leave your final
 judgment to the lord, but if you
 survive, you will walk as you have
 live, in circles.

Harry nods in San'ele's direction.

San'ele drops the bundled Ivory next to the broken men,
 crumpled on the ground. Dean struggles to say something
 through his gag.

San'ele kneels and cuts it from his mouth.

DEAN
 Please! You can keep all of it!

SAN'ELE
 I don't want it.

DEAN
 Do you know how much it's worth?

SAN'ELE
 (cold)
 Do you?

An Elephants TRUMPET sounds in the distance.

HARRY
 (to Dean & Zikali)
 Good luck.

They walk away, leaving the men to squirm and cry for help.

EXT. 2014/ZULA ZULA GAME RESERVE/HILLTOP - AFTERNOON

Patrick, Warrick, & Gareth stand by the Dive Center pickup.

Harry & San'ele drive up in the Zula Zula vehicle.

They park, and step out of the truck as a strange,
 frighteningly loud series of GROWLS & BELLOWS is heard in
 the distance.

GARETH
What's that?

HARRY
Elephants.

HARRY
You know, when this is over, we
must blame this all on you.

PATRICK
Yes.

HARRY
And you will have to leave, and
never come back.

WARRICK
We've made our choices.

HARRY
Ok. *Sharp.*

A man's distant SCREAM pierces through all other sounds.

San'ele shakes Patrick's hand, as the SCREAMS & GROWLS
continue in the background.

The sounds FADE as the screen dips into blackout.

EXT. 2014/OCEAN/YACHT - MORNING

A large, sleek, liveaboard dive yacht adrift in a
glass-smooth ocean, with no visible land.

SAILFISH 7 is emblazoned on the boat's side.

Warrick & Gareth stand on the sun deck, staring over the
water.

Both are wearing identical, impeccably clean '*SAILFISH 7*'
polo shirts.

Warrick has new, shining sunglasses.

WARRICK
(to Gareth)
How's it looking?

GARETH
(looks down)
Better, I guess.

(beat)
I don't...I don't really know how
to talk about it, yet, I think.

WARRICK
Well we're talking about it right
now, Gar'

GARETH
No, I mean, you know. With women.

WARRICK
Have you contacted your last-

GARETH
Ye'. Pretty much eliminates any
chances of seeing her again.
(beat)
Good way to move on, in'it.

WARRICK
I suppose that's true.
(beat)
You're not alone, you know.

GARETH
Oh what, you've got it, now?

WARRICK
No, thankfully. But lots of people
do.

GARETH
I haven't met any.

WARRICK
That's obviously not true.

GARETH
Fuck off.

Patrick, in an identical Polo shirt, carrying a glimmering
new camera, stands at the top of the stairs nearby.

PATRICK
Gareth, mate, are you ready to
brief?

GARETH
Ye, right, let's go.

We follow Gareth & Patrick down to the back deck, where a
nice family sits on a bench between two racks of scuba gear.

Patrick balances his camera on the edge of the railing, framing a shot from a short distance away.

GARETH

Ye', right, good morning everybody.
We're headed to a site called
Wayne's World. It's a reef that
sits in about 12 meters of water,
so the light on the reef will be
spectacular as long as the wind
don't pick up.

A GUEST, in fancy boardshorts and sunglasses, approaches Patrick.

GUEST

Excuse me, Richard, was it?

PATRICK

Patrick.

GUEST

Patrick. Well, the towels on the
sun deck, they're not exactly dry.

PATRICK

Ok.

GUEST

Now, I'm not trying to complain,
but I would really like some dry
towels.

Patrick stares at his camera for a beat before realizing the Guest is still standing over him, staring expectantly.

PATRICK

Um, yeah, I'll see what I can do
about it.

Patrick picks up his camera, looking at the Guest with a plastic smile.

He carries his rig up to the bridge, where Warrick drives the yacht.

Patrick sets his camera on the dashboard, pointing it towards the horizon.

WARRICK

I thought it smelled in here.

PATRICK
 You would not believe the guy
 downstairs complaining about his
 towels not being dry enough.

WARRICK
 (pretends to hit a button)
 Oh, sorry, mate, I'll just turn the
 sun up/.

Patrick looks into his viewfinder.

PATRICK
 What a beautiful ocean.

WARRICK
 Lucky day.

Patrick see's something peculiar.

We see through his viewfinder as he zooms in on a shape on
 the horizon.

It's a large, rusted, metal boat. It's Indian flag has been
 painted over black. The name has been grafitti'd over with a
 picture of a naked Thai woman.

Patrick zooms out and see's a Zodiac full of Asian men with
 machete's and rifles.

PATRICK
 Warrick...

WARRICK
 (his gaze narrows)
 I see 'em.

Patrick stares at his camera for a moment of disbelief. His
 thoughts flash across his face...
 A smirk rises from the side of his mouth.

PATRICK
 Good.

Blackout.